

Maryknoll

OCTOBER 1961



Maryknoll's First Lay Missioner - p. 26



MODERN MAGIC. A Masai warrior in Kenya submits to a penicillin injection but he doesn't understand how a needle can cure disease.

FOCUS on the features

• still in the ring

He's pushing into his sixties, and you might say he's losing a bit of his hair, but Father Feeney isn't hanging up the gloves—not by a long shot. See photo-story, page 2.

• mysterious, but not magic

A report from Africa reveals a deep undercurrent of grace that turns "Sunday Catholics" into apostles. Page 20.

• out of rubble, new hope

Treated harshly by four centuries of history, the crumbling church of Santa Clara, in Yucatan, today heralds a rebirth of the Faith. Page 11.

• below the 38th parallel

A photo-story, "Children of the Storm," page 14, documents the harsh results of Red aggression in Korea.

... and in between

Meet an American woman who takes a third-class Mexican bus to "the end of the line," and discovers a new beginning, page 42. Don't miss a pace-changer for young and old on page 55—the short saga of Pancho. Bet you can't guess the punchline of the feature *a la* ricksha, page 30! And in case you're curious, our cover was painted by Leonard Weisgard, whose work has gained an international reputation. This is his view of autumn in Japan.



Maryknoll

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Society of America, Inc.

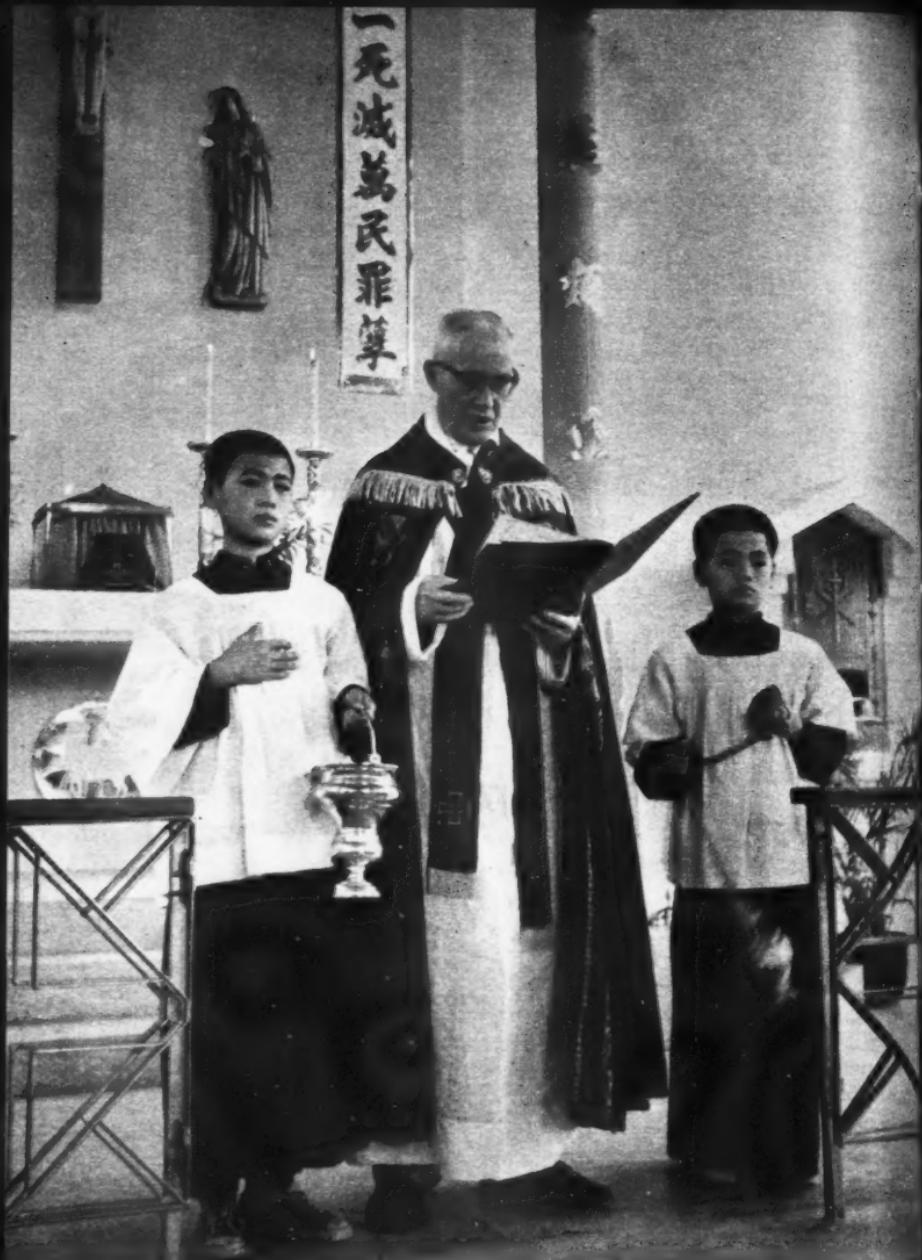
"... to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York



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At the rail of his Changhua church, Father Feeney officiates at the funeral of an elderly Chinese—a mainland refugee baptized just three years ago.

The Long Count

Pictures and background

by William J. Richardson, M.M.



Forty years "in the ring"—and still fighting!

MAURICE A. FEENEY was the name inscribed on the baptismal record four weeks after his birth in Albany, New York, on July 14, 1901. But the name "Maurice" soon held little significance: to everyone on the south-side, he became known as "Kid Feeney."

The son of Irish immigrant parents, Kid Feeney literally fought his way through adolescence, and four years of college, and into the priesthood.

When the Kid reached the seventh grade, his father died suddenly, leaving his wife and four children in critical financial straits. The Kid, being the oldest child, stepped into the role of breadwinner. During his four years of high school, he worked nights as a relay operator for the Associated Press.

Feeney's two fists served him well throughout his youth. Though light,

he was tough, wiry, and a veteran of numerous street fights. At the age of nineteen, he competed for, and won, a scholarship to St. Bonaventure's College as a member of the boxing team. His power and skill increased with training, and he decided to turn semi-professional.

But he soon discovered that there is a big difference between a fighter in the streets and a professional in the ring. There came the day when billboards around Albany blatantly announced: "Kid Feeney fights tonight!" And Feeney held his own against his hardened opponent during the first round. But in the second, the old pro employed a fierce ring tactic—faking the Kid off guard and unleashing a right that dropped him for the full count, and then some. Two weeks later Feeney hung up the gloves.



What better means to arouse curiosity of non-Catholics, than a procession?

After completing college, the ex-pugilist entered St. Bernard's Seminary, to study for the diocesan priesthood. He was about to begin his deaconate year when he made the decision, after a weekend visit to Maryknoll, to become a foreign missioner.

Ordained to the priesthood in June 1930, Father Feeney soon fulfilled his prime ambition: to work in the mis-

sions of South China. His apostolic efforts there were to flourish for the next twenty years, until the arrival of the Communists.

At first his mission activities were restricted, but later the Reds arrested him and then expelled him from the country. His superior in South China was Maryknoll's Bishop James E. Walsh — who is currently serving a



Changhua's first Catholic marriage drew over a hundred Taoist guests.



Catechism lessons for children: whether in Changhua or Chicago, a "must"!

twenty-year sentence in a Shanghai prison on Red charges of "espionage."

After Father Feeney was expelled by the Reds, in 1952, he was named rector of Maryknoll Seminary in Brookline, Massachusetts. There the most popular sport soon became boxing—of course. But he longed for the day when he could return to China.

His wish came true in the following year when Maryknoll asked him to open a new parish in central Taiwan, near the city of Taichung. The

soft-spoken Maryknoller has made steady progress in his Changhua parish, averaging more than fifty converts a year. Preaching, teaching, administering medicine, and seeking new methods of attracting the Taiwanese to Christianity: these are the activities that fill his days.

At sixty, Father Feeney, although gray and balding, is still "in the ring." His arena—the rice fields of Taiwan; his triune adversary—poverty, ignorance, and superstition.

For the missioner:
no joy more meaningful



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*A huge educational program
on the grass-roots level
is expanding in East Africa.*



By Raymond F. Kelly, M.M.



AFTER STEERING my *piki-piki* down the fairly steep hill and around the bend, into the main and only street of Bulilambeshi—the shopping center in our part of Tanganyika—I slowed down abruptly. The reason for my sudden, cautious change of speed was even greater than the usual driving hazards of eroded ruts and protruding boulders. I found myself running headlong into a full-dress parade.

For a minute, I thought I'd ended on the wrong side of the Saint Patrick's Day parade on Fifth Avenue, in New York City. Some young, marching men were certainly going all out for "the wearing of the green"! They numbered

in the neighborhood of a hundred. Each marcher proudly wore a bright, new, green shirt, and carried a hoe over his right shoulder.

Rather than obstruct that fine display of young African manhood, I skidded to a quick halt in the dust at the side of the road. Past me smartly strode the local contingent of TANU youth, Tanganyika's new nationalistic movement. Their nation-wide choice of the colorful, green costume would warm any Hibernian's heart.

Leaving his place at the head of the marching column, Marko Magembe stepped across the road to greet me with a warm, "Wangaluka, Padri."

I had recently instructed and baptized Marko. At that time, he impressed me as being a rather shy and unassuming fellow. I was quite surprised to find him in the commanding position of those marching men.

"Hi, Marko, where are you leading the boys with the hoes?" I asked.

"Well, Padri, we're going out to cultivate another field of cotton for our school fund."

"School? Where have you got a school?"

"Our new TANU school is right over there in the big *duka*," answered Marko, pointing with one hand. "Come and meet our head teacher."

I parked my *piki-piki* and stepped into the shade of what I thought was only a merchant's *duka*. The large, low, mud-brick building, with high grass roof, served as a general store for the whole area, offering bargains ranging from sharp-bladed *pangas* to brightly bottled pain killer.

Inside I met Wanga, the storekeeper, and with him Abdulla, the head teacher. A young Moslem, Abdulla has a fairly good command of English. Over a cup of steaming-hot tea, I was soon enlightened as to the new source of education in our district.

"You see, Padri, we are all working very hard to prepare for independence," explained Marko. "Bwana Julius Nyerere, our national leader, has told us from Dar Es Salaam that we must not delay any longer to learn the things that will help our new nation of Tanganyika to advance and prosper. Our motto is '*Uhuru na Kaz*' ('freedom and work'), and we know that our road is not an easy one."

I learned a great deal more about this new and growing drive for adult

education, sponsored by TANU. It aims to teach, besides the essentials of reading and writing on a large scale, the main points of political science and economics. It further aims to acquaint everyone with fundamentals of the English language. The objective is to prepare the way for strong local government, in anticipation of Tanganyika's gaining independence in the near future. This seemed like quite a huge order to be filled in a limited time.

However, all over Tanganyika today, similar adult-education centers are being organized. Lessons are taught in *dukas* or any fairly large building, and there young men and women, crowded together, strive to get the education that, until now, they have never been able to achieve.

In this section of Sukumaland, tribal elders more or less consistently resisted the changes advised by European Government workers in regard to the many needs of elementary schools and some improvements in agricultural methods. But now young African leaders themselves have successfully launched a grass-roots, adult-education program. As a result, few individuals dare refuse to help change the old pattern of static tribal existence. To do so would mean being singled out as opposing Tanganyika's forward march for self-determination.

The volunteer teachers do not receive salaries. Most of them are young men with perhaps only a few years of formal education themselves. Everywhere they inspire optimistic expectations and predictions of quick results. In the makeshift, crowded classrooms, eager students sit during the heat of the day, struggling with their first

studies. There are few textbooks, few pencils, and very little paper available for their lessons.

The program is not without its dangers. One is that the enthusiasm of students will be extinguished when they find that school knowledge cannot be absorbed rapidly in only a few months. Another is that the teachers may weary of dreary formal subjects, and switch into the more exciting arena of radical politics, falling into the pitfall which holds many angry young men of the world's modern generation.

Most of the teachers are local boys, with but a few years of elementary schooling behind them. Only a handful have had opportunities to compare, by reading or travel, other modes of life outside their immediate area. Thus their general outlook, and their suggested easy solutions to sometimes complex problems, often appear unrealistic and superficial.

I have been startled to hear a few teachers say, "Russia is a real friend of Africa, and will surely do much to help us, once we achieve freedom."

I wonder how widely this idea is being spread? I wonder how many young Africans, willing to grasp any opportunity to gain a knowledge of the outside world, are traveling secretly to

training centers in Communist lands?

In order to help teachers who wish to improve their knowledge of English and of teaching methods, and to gain a wider familiarity with all the good things that Western civilization has to offer, we have started discussion groups and a lending library. Our aim is to assist in broadening the teachers' outlook with all the books and magazines we can pass among them.

But something more than such a limited program is urgently needed on a wide scale, to turn out competent and efficient leaders who will be able to responsibly direct the future of East Africa. This crucial need is recognized already in Mwanza, where Bishop Joseph Blomjous, of the White Fathers, has begun to build a wide-ranging training center for the social sciences.

Special courses, taught by well-trained university professors, will soon be preparing East Africans, not only to hold responsible positions in the Government, but also to start and maintain cooperatives and credit unions, and to lead effectively the growing trade-union movement. Such an opportunity to provide both theoretical knowledge and practical skills will definitely do a great deal towards insuring the steady and safe progress of all of East Africa. ■■■

Chapel In a Suitcase. Many of our missionaries travel miles from village to village, offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in any suitable place—often an abandoned building, a store, home, hall—even on the tailgate of a jeep. To do this, they need a compact, portable, Mass kit that will hold all the necessities for Mass: altar stone, vestments, missal, chalice, cruets, candles, wine, and hosts. Mass kits, complete with everything necessary for celebrating Mass as noted above, can be procured through Maryknoll for \$150 each. Should you like to donate such a kit as a memorial for a departed friend, please write us!

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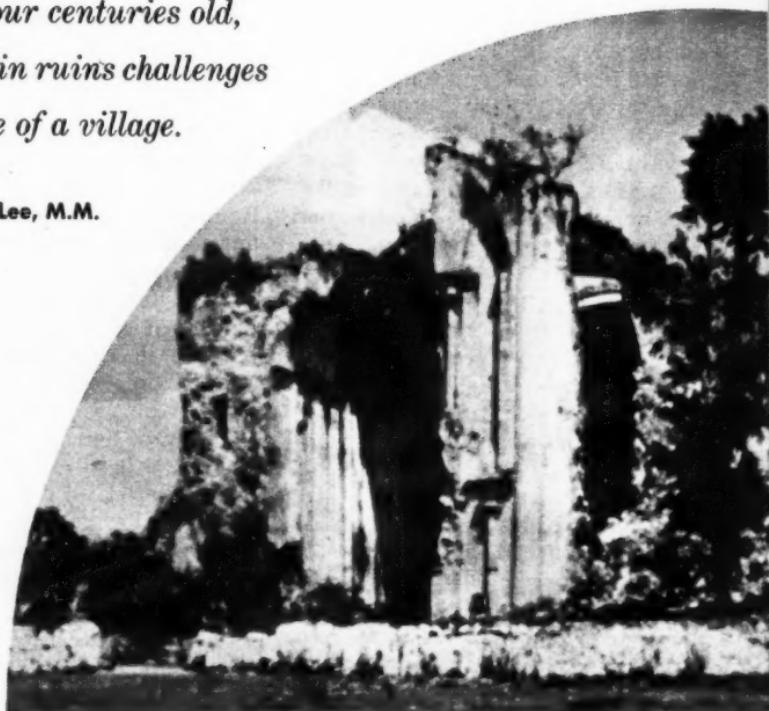
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KNOLL

*Nearly four centuries old,
a church in ruins challenges
the people of a village.*

By Robert E. Lee, M.M.



Resurrection

REMEMBER it well. It happened about five o'clock in the afternoon, one day late in the year 1916," Roque Lizama, who must be seventy, told me. He was a former *mayor* of the ancient church in Dzidzantun, on the peninsula of Yucatan in Mexico.

"I was resting," continued Roque, "in the hammock in my house, on the other side of the plaza, that afternoon. Suddenly, from the direction of the church, came a tremendous rumble, followed by a deafening crash. A huge

cloud of dust rose into the sky for about a hundred feet above the church."

"Did you know what it was?" I asked.

"Yes," Roque replied, as he wiped his perspiring brow with a bandanna handkerchief. (We were standing in the hot sunlight in the middle of the plaza.) "Yes, I knew that the vaulted, stone-and-mortar roof had finally given way and caved in. The same kind of thing had happened in the church in Peto, when I was twelve years old.

"Moreover, we had a warning of the

danger for our church of Santa Clara, during a long time. A big crack had opened in the roof, and water used to seep through. On the morning when the roof fell, two stone masons from town were up there, inspecting the crack to see if they could repair it. But they were too late. Thank God, no one was in the church at the time!"

"How great was the damage?" I asked.

"The whole roof of the church, except the part over the altar, had fallen and was one heap of ruins on the ground," Roque answered sadly. "Many of the women wept; some of the men, too. My heart was heavy, but I kept back the tears.

"It hurt me all the more, because I was one of the *mayores*—the twelve men who looked after the church. We swept it, and attended the Padre when he came from Temax for Mass. Also, we arranged for the novenas of the Virgin and of Saint Clare, and directed the building of the *Monte Calvario* on Good Friday. So you can see that my heart was in the church, and it almost broke when the roof caved in. But that was only the first of many sorrows."

Before Roque went on, we moved across the plaza, to sit on a bench in the shade of a laurel tree in front of the ruined church. It had been built in 1570, by Franciscan missionaries. It was abandoned after 1830, when all Spaniards were expelled from Mexico. As Roque pointed with his stubby forefinger, to the broken facade of the church, he resumed his account.

"Remember, I told you that the roof had fallen in that day, except for the part over the altar. The front and walls were still up. Well, about 1925, if I recollect correctly, a wonderful priest from Cansahcab, Father Carvajal, used to visit us. He's still alive. He's doubled up with arthritis, but he still carries on, out in Progreso.

"Father Carvajal pushed us to get going and fix up the church. A committee was elected, with Patricio Coral at the head of it. He was well-read and had a lot of books in his house. At meetings, he would describe cathedrals all over the world. One night he told us how the poor of New York, especially the Irish servant girls, gave their offerings to help build St. Patrick's Cathedral there. It was inspiring."



In capsule form, church at Dzidzantun echoes history. Built in 1570, abandoned in 1830, partly destroyed in 1916, dynamited in 1928, it is being restored today.

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"With those meetings," I commented, "there must have been a lot of enthusiasm among the workers."

"There surely was," Roque replied immediately. "Even the women and children pitched in with us. We borrowed some rails from the hemp plantations of San Francisco, and ran them in the church. Then everybody worked to clean out the rocks and dirt. Along the rails we had platforms on wheels; we loaded and ran them out into the plaza to dump the rubble. Never before had we seen such cooperation among the inhabitants of Dzidzantun. We left the floor of the church clean."

"What happened? Why did you not follow through?" I asked.

"That is the sorrow of which I spoke," Roque answered as he shook his head in reminiscence. "You know of the troublesome times that beset our country in the late Twenties. Well, we were hit hard. Our municipal president at that time was quite rabid and bitter against the Church.

"Even though the priest was banned from coming here then, we used the big, roofless church for our novenas and Holy Week celebration. The people would crowd in there, as we sang the hymn of the Holy Cross.

"Well, all this didn't set well with the municipal president. So one day, without warning, he did a terrible thing. He came with several other men in a wagon, and brought boxes of dynamite to the church. The group planted and set off the charges—and blew down the whole front of the church.

"At the same time, the blasts further damaged the part of the roof that was standing, and opened fissures in the walls. The president said that he did it because the section of the church

that the dynamite brought down was endangering the lives of the people. But God punished him on account of it: later he went out of his mind, and he died abandoned, over in Telchac. May God have mercy on his soul!"

"And the church remained in ruins for nearly twenty years?" I asked.

"Yes," continued Roque. "About 1946, the bishop sent a priest to live among us. He was a young man, filled with enthusiasm and anxious to repair the church. He had engineers come to examine it. Then we spent several days with him in the woods, along the coast, while we cut poles for scaffolding. He celebrated Mass for us there, in an open grove. Afterwards, all the men got together and built a huge limekiln. Meanwhile, a fund-raising committee had made almost 12,000 pesos from bazaars and collections. It was only a beginning, but it was something."

"It showed what people can do when they try," I remarked.

"It surely did," Roque agreed, "and we would have gone right ahead, but the priest became seriously ill. He had to leave. May God keep him!"

"That's when the bishop asked Maryknoll missionaries to take over," I interrupted, "and we came out here."

"Really, it was the Virgin who made the bishop send you. You American priests have already done a lot of big things here in Yucatan. Now, with the Virgin helping us, we'll do this big job here. I tell you on the day when work begins on the church, every man, woman, and child of Dzidzantun will lend a hand. Maybe they don't all practice the Faith right now. But wait until they all help toward finishing the church. Then you'll see how regularly they will fill it afterwards."



Relief gruel. Not even the last drop will be overlooked by the hungry.



Patient mothers wait their turn for treatment at the Maryknoll Clinic.

IT is ten years since the Korean war stalled and came to a halt. Yet despite the passage of a decade, the effects remain — orphaned children, widows, poverty, sickness, and a struggling economy. Korea is an agricultural country with little industry, and therefore did not have the potential to make a recovery as did Japan.

As a result, the Korean people must still receive outside aid. Despite the fact that they are long-suffering and hard-working, they cannot lift themselves by their own bootstraps. Catholic missionaries have been supplying relief and temporary assistance in great quantities. Needed are long-range, permanent solutions.

children of the Storm

A KOREAN PROFILE





A class from a girl's school helps set out new rice shoots. Korea's economy depends on farming.

looks fat, but the swelling of stomach actually is the result malnutrition, common in Korea.

Kimchi, Korea's national dish, is a kind of pickled vegetable. Making it is a project for all the family.



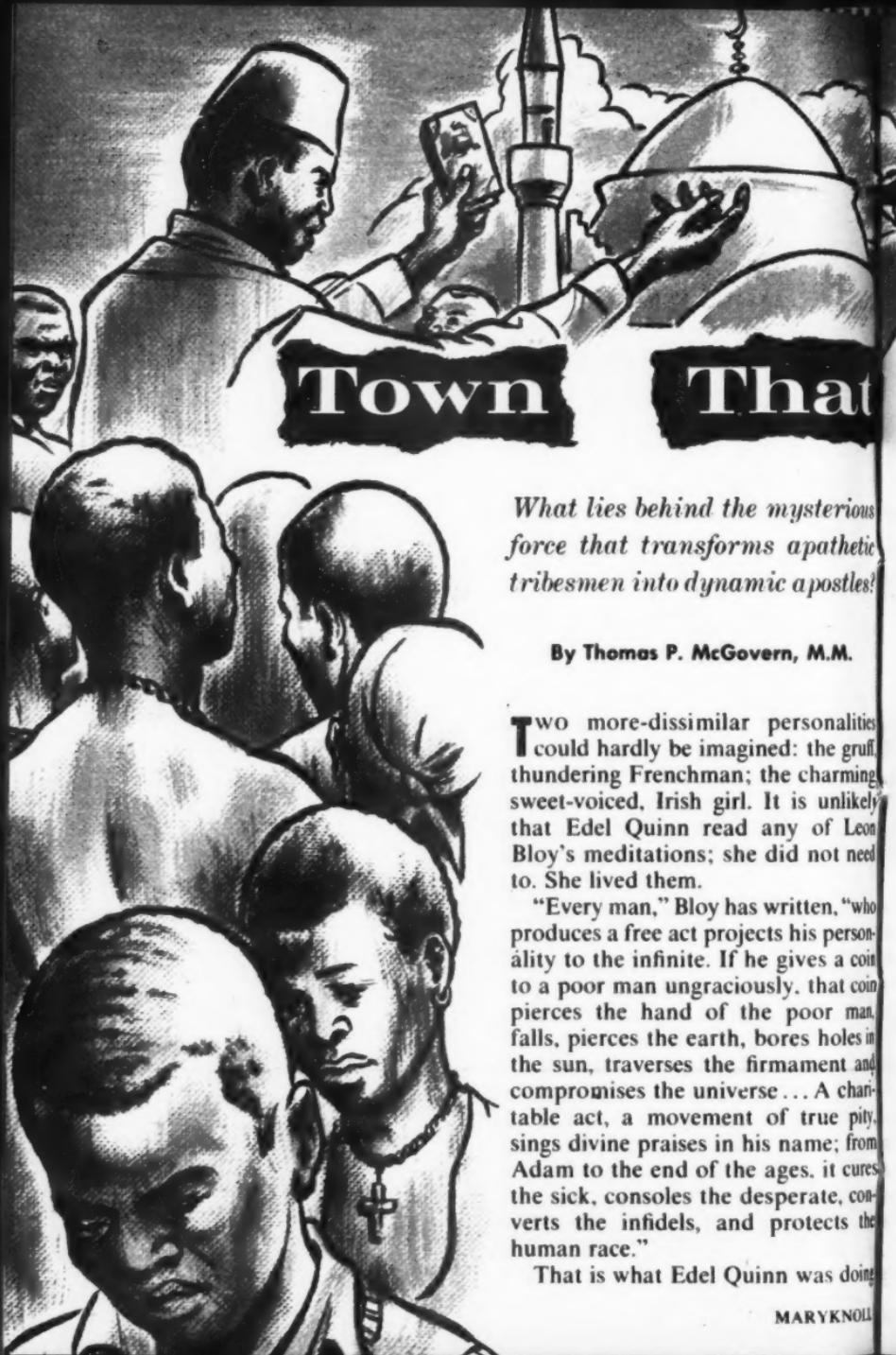


Poor mothers abandon babies, many of whom had G.I. fathers. Star of Sea Orphanage at Inchon is so crowded some babies sleep on the floor.



tar of
floor.

Everyone works in Korea, and youth is no excuse. The Koreans are hard-working, industrious folk who receive little in return for their labors.



What lies behind the mysterious force that transforms apathetic tribesmen into dynamic apostles?

By Thomas P. McGovern, M.M.

Two more-dissimilar personalities could hardly be imagined: the gruff, thundering Frenchman; the charming, sweet-voiced, Irish girl. It is unlikely that Edel Quinn read any of Leon Bloy's meditations; she did not need to. She lived them.

"Every man," Bloy has written, "who produces a free act projects his personality to the infinite. If he gives a coin to a poor man ungraciously, that coin pierces the hand of the poor man, falls, pierces the earth, bores holes in the sun, traverses the firmament and compromises the universe . . . A charitable act, a movement of true pity, sings divine praises in his name; from Adam to the end of the ages, it cures the sick, consoles the desperate, converts the infidels, and protects the human race."

That is what Edel Quinn was doing.

MARYKNOLL



was Lost

during her eight years of toil in East Africa establishing the Legion of Mary. Nothing less: she was a herald, singing divine praises; she was "protecting the human race."

She trekked across the enormous reaches of Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Nyasaland. She crossed and recrossed the vast spaces separating the various dioceses, and she left behind in each a flourishing Legion foundation. She organized 250 *praesidia* and twenty Legion councils. And almost all the time, she was battling against the ravages of a dread disease.

Her only companions in her journeys by car were her African driver and his gun. It was, indeed, a work of true pity; and it was heroism.

I wanted to know more about this great instrument of the apostolate that Edel Quinn has placed in our hands. So I questioned two Maryknoll Fathers who have been actively engaged in the work of the Legion of Mary in Musoma, Tanganyika.

Father Robert O. Moore, of New York City, was a bit surprised when I began my interrogation. I met him outside the bishop's house in Musoma. He

climbed out of his jeep, excused his grimy hands, shook hands anyway, tugged a bit at his dusty bush jacket. Then, entering the house, he selected an easy chair. He had just finished a visitation of the schools in his area.

"I'm really quite surprised," he said. "You should know these things. Every missioner should be working with the Legion."

"We're starting the Legion," I insisted. "We'll have it going soon. But come on, solidify my convictions. Prove to me again what a good thing the Legion is."

I offered him a cigarette and held a flame to its tip. He puffed, inhaled, sighed. His eyes became large and reflective. He talked.

"Ten years ago," he said, "Musoma was a Moslem town. Not only because of the heavy Indian population; but more importantly, because a large group of Africans had been converted to Islamism. Those African Moslems — *Buswahili* as they are called — were and still are a powerful, vocal group. They had prestige. Theirs was the great religion. No other religion had any proportionate standing."

"Our few Christians were hangdog. They had no spirit. There was no question of being proud of their religion. They were Catholics who were willing to endure such a stigma. Humanly speaking, their Faith brought them nothing but contempt."

"The early Christians in Rome?"

"That's right. Along those lines. It was a situation that badly needed remedying. I wanted our Christians to take a real pride in their religion. I wanted to help them understand that they were the people of God and had the affairs of His household committed to them. So I started the Legion."

"But why the Legion?"

"Why not? The Legion works. What else is there to compare with it?"

"I meant that you might have thought the Legion especially suited for reasons, say, of its outward glamour; the colorful banners, the special meetings. Africans love a parade, you know."

"Everybody does. And the Legion does have its ritual, its special meetings and prayers—its banners and outward glamour, as you said. It is well organized. Africans like that. And all peoples do. That is one of the reasons why the Legion is so successful."

"But what is the main reason?"

"Now, that's a question. I mean, obviously, the Legion is an instrument of the Blessed Mother and the Holy Spirit. But humanly speaking, the big reason for the success of the Legion is the presence of a priest."

"How does that help?"

"Well, I think the big mistake we made in Musoma was not asking our Christians to do enough apostolic work; or—and this is simply the other side of the same mistake—we asked them to perform without giving them

sustained direction. You can't simply say, 'do this,' and then next week '...that,' and next month another thing. People young in the Faith, regardless of racial background, simply cannot grasp essential principles without direction. They go roaring off on tangents; they lose heart."

"But isn't that a weakness in the Legion? The fact that the priest is tied up for a certain hour, or hours, every week, with certain groups."

"No. That's the point. It's not a weakness; it's the strength of the Legion. The strength of the Legion, its great success, as I see it, flow from the presence of the priest. The Christians know that the Legion is important, they believe that its work has meaning, because they see that their priest concerns himself every week, unfailingly, with their meeting, their prayers, their special reports. The priest assigns each a specific, apostolic duty, and they know that he will question them about it—not next month, or next year, but next week—same time, same place. They may have only partial success or no success at all, in certain assignments. But that's all right. They know the priest is with them. They do not lose heart."

"No," he continued, "this supposed loss of a priest's time is an argument that I don't buy at all. Let me give you my own timetable. I devote one full day each week, to conducting meetings in four different outstations. It makes for a busy day. But here's the thing. Each outstation has a Legion group of from twenty to forty persons; and every one of those persons has contacted a lapsed Catholic, or has invited a pagan to take instruction. Thus, my effectiveness has been multi-

plied. I couldn't hope to engage all those people personally. And anyway, I still have the rest of the week for my own personal trudging around."

"Good enough," I agreed. "But let's get back to Musoma and its problems. Did the Legion give the Christians a sense of dignity and spirit?"

"It sure did. When I came back from furlough in 1957, I was amazed at the changes I found in our Christians. Maybe it took that absence for me to become fully aware of them. They had spunk. They were, literally, parading their religion in the street. The Christians were the ones who had the drive, who were making converts. The Moslems, then, were deeply concerned about the strength of the Christians. The conversion of Musira, the king of the Bakwaya, really upset them."

"And you're sure these changes were due to the Legion?"

"Absolutely. Not Musira's conversion, though. I think many of the missionaries at Nyegina had a share in it. But that the Legion resurrected Musoma—there's no doubt in my mind at all."

I brushed back the sleeve of my cassock and caught a glimpse of the dial hands edging close to supper time. I had to ask fast.

"You've started the Legion among the Luos, and among the various Bantu tribes of Musoma, and now you're starting a *praesidium* among the mine workers at Kyabakari. I am wondering whether any single tribe showed anything like, well, a special talent for the Legion."

"Quite frankly, everything is more difficult to achieve among the Luos. They are more aggressive, more demanding, than the Bantus, and very

often more fickle. That's the way they're built. The work takes more patience on the missioner's part. But I think it's obvious—I think Edel Quinn proved it beyond a doubt—that the Legion can work everywhere. It just occurs to me now, strangely enough, that my most rewarding experience was with a small Luo *praesidium*. Are you familiar with the area called Bwiro?"

I shook my head.

"It's not far from Kowak—a kind of isolated place. I found, when I went there to start the Legion, that only eight or nine Christians were receiving the sacraments. I signed up those eight or nine, and we were off! They worked hard at it. They were enthusiastic—came every week without fail. But after one full year of work, they had no successes whatever to report—no conversions, no lapsed Catholics brought back. But this is the thing: they weren't discouraged; they didn't fold up. I was amazed. I told them that their *praesidium*, apparently sterile, was more pleasing to the Blessed Mother and more effective in the apostolate than were some other *praesidia* with countless converts to their credit."

"Does the fact that quite often Luo and Bantu tribesmen work with one another, in the same Legion group, present any difficulty?"

"Not really, because in that case—and by the way, that *is* the case in Musoma—the meeting is conducted in Swahili, a language every member knows. Of course it is more convenient if all the members are of the same tribe; but since the Legion Handbook has been translated into both Swahili and Luganda, the language barrier no longer exists."

A bell tinkled in the dining room, and, as we rose from our chairs, Father Moore added: "Talking about a language barrier, I should just like to mention that working with the Legion is a most pleasant experience for the priest himself. I find that, when I talk to members during a meeting, I do not preach. I mean that my talk is on a personal, informal level. A bond is created, not merely among the Legion members, but between the priest and the members. It's easy to speak of spiritual things. It's a pleasure."

Father James J. Morrissey, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, the present pastor of Musoma, was more than willing to talk about the Legion. I found him in his office, typing a list of the children who were due to make their First Communion.

"Sure!" he said, pushing his typewriter stand to one side. "I'll be glad to tell you about the Legion."

"Well, first of all, I'm wondering if you agree with Father Moore about the Legion's effectiveness here in Musoma. He thinks it's extremely important to the town."

"Listen," he replied, "the Legion, well, if it weren't here, I wouldn't want to be here either. The Legion of Mary —there's nothing like it."

"It's good, then?"

"Good? Listen, friend," he said, "I'm not joking. Get this. We have 120 catechumens—and every one of them, ninety per cent anyway, was brought in by the Legion of Mary."

"Father Moore said that the Legion changed the town."

"He wasn't exaggerating. Do you know that ten years ago, if a Christian

came to settle down in Musoma, he was pretty likely to lose his faith? That's how strong the Moslems were. The White Fathers used to forbid their Christians to take up residence in the town. They realized that many were falling away. But now, these days—mainly through the work of the Legion—the Christians in Musoma Town are growing stronger each year."

"How do you mean stronger?"

"Well, numerically, of course. Get this. We'll baptize another 120 catechumens this Christmas. But more important, our Christians, well, very many of them—especially Legion of Mary members—are daily communicants."

"Father Moore said that many tribes were represented in the Legion at Musoma. I wondered if the same held true for occupations."

"Well, we have," Father Morrissey said, taking hold of the pinky of his right hand, "we have post-office clerks, tobacco salesmen, fishermen, prison officers, farmers, hospital nurses, school-teachers and Government workers—and just plain housewives."

"That sounds like a universal group. But do you find any conflict? I mean a farmer hasn't much in common with a schoolteacher."

"That's true. But they have one very important thing in common: they all want to belong in a special way to the Blessed Mother. And they want to do apostolic work. That's really all that is necessary. The Legion itself does the rest."

"Do many of your legionnaires know much about Edel Quinn?"

"I should be surprised if even a few know anything at all about her. It's a shame, in a way, for she was a most remarkable woman. But you know, I

don't think she minds. That lack of personal publicity fits in rather well with Legion spirituality. Every member is terribly important, but no one receives notoriety. As long as God is praised and His kingdom extended, every member is content. Content, certainly, to remain unknown."

"You mentioned that the Legion has brought in the vast majority of your catechumens. That, I take it, is the legionnaires' main work. But do you, now and then, assign them other duties?"

"Oh, yes. We find that it is a good idea to change work-details every six months or so. We assign Legion members to the hospital in Musoma each Sunday. They visit each patient and offer to supply any of his needs. If a patient wants to begin instruction, they see to it that he is instructed. If he is a Christian, they make sure that I take the sacraments to him."

"I suppose, too, that in general they keep you informed about what is happening in town."

Father Morrissey smiled. "Listen, they're the eyes and ears of the parish. Really, there is little that happens or will happen that they don't know about. And—oh yes, I almost forgot—a very important activity of theirs is keeping our primary school filled."

"How do they do that?"

"Well, you know, with so many schools in town—Catholic, Indian, and

Protestant—it's a kind of contest to see which will sign up the most pagan children. The Government forbids direct canvassing until a certain date. Well, long before the legal date, our Legion members spot those families who have children of school age and who are not opposed to Catholicism. When the direct canvassing begins, they shoot out to those families, without wasting time, and sign up the children. It's a very effective procedure. Take a look!"

The pastor pointed to the mission school yard. It was crowded with small children, flying high on swings, jumping rope, and kicking soccer balls.

"You specialize in physical education, I see."

"Don't be a wise guy!" Father Morrissey said. "This is their recreation period." We both laughed.

"You know, a crazy thing happened last week," he said. "I hired a bus and took the women's *praesidium* out to Iramba for a picnic. The plains there, you know, are loaded with animals. Well, the women really boggled to see so much meat on the hoof, running wild. Most of them had never seen a topi or a wildebeest or an eland before. I never thought I'd be teaching African members of the Legion of Mary the names of African wild animals! But, you know maybe turnabout is merely fair play. These Africans have taught me a lot about religion." ■■

Song in the air! A Maryknoller on the island of Taiwan, faced with the problem of introducing Catholicism to non-Christian villagers, came up with a novel yet universal means—the sound of music! Father Armand J. Jacques, of Windsor, Canada, was making little headway in Ho Li until a group of teen-agers told him of their frustrated interest in music. Now, with fourteen locally made instruments, and three musicians for each one, the Canadian Maryknoller is the conductor of forty-two aspiring musicians who faithfully study the catechism before band practice.



Love of fellowman led Doctor Blaber from Brooklyn to a village in China.

Pioneer Lay Missioner

Long before the term "lay missioner" was coined, Dr. Harry P. Blaber volunteered five years of his life, to work in Maryknoll's China missions. His decision to turn five years into a lifetime was ended by Japanese invasion.

Now friends in Brooklyn plan a memorial to this pioneer.

By Edward J. Quigley

HE WAS a young doctor, just finished his internship. He had come up to Maryknoll headquarters from New York City for only one purpose. He said: "I make you a present of the next five years of my life. You can do what you want with me during that time."

The young man was Doctor Harry P. Blaber, the first American doctor to work in the Maryknoll missions.

Doctor Blaber once wrote: "I've had the notion to be a doctor in the missions since I was three feet high. Tried to shake myself out of it but it wouldn't shake!"

The education and dedication Doctor Blaber had, was nurtured by the Franciscan Brothers. He studied at Saint Francis Preparatory School and College in Brooklyn. He was scholarly. He represented the college with honor in intercollegiate athletics. To his classmates, he was understanding, sympathetic, helpful.

Doctor Blaber graduated from the Long Island College of Medicine in 1928, and interned in Brooklyn Hospital. The physician then gave the first fruits of his medical career to Maryknoll. He became a lay missioner at a time when the term was unknown.

Arriving in China in 1930, Doctor Blaber set up his first facilities in the mountain area of Tungon, Kwangtung Province. He worked under primitive conditions — a sterilizer constructed from an old trunk, insulated with rags, newspapers, and chicken feathers; steam shot from a kettle through a still of old kerosene tins; a gasoline drum set in a huge water jug served as an incubator for cultures.

After three years, Doctor Blaber was transferred to the more metropolitan atmosphere of Toishan. Here he started the Sacred Heart Hospital, which began as one room and grew into a three-doctor, thirty-five-bed modern hospital. Local Chinese doctors resented the coming of the American. They spread rumors that the foreigner's real desire was to make money.

Doctor Blaber soon proved them wrong. Eighty per cent of his patients were charity, the rest paid the equivalent of seven American cents. In the first six months his out-patient clinic provided treatments for 9,250 patients.

He won the hearts of the people by diving off a river steamer to rescue a

drowning man. The story was soon spread over the countryside.

"The American has a good heart," murmured the people when they heard.

Not long after arriving in Toishan, Doctor Blaber received a visit from Father Joseph Sweeney. The tall Maryknoller from New Britain, Connecticut, told the young lay missioner of how he had discovered people afflicted with leprosy living in a graveyard as outcasts. They grubbed for food as best they might during the day, and returned at night to their hovels. Father Sweeney had bought a piece of land in nearby Sunwui. He had built some mat sheds and taken the afflicted people there to live. He had been trying to care for them himself but he needed help. Would Doctor Blaber assist him?

Doctor Blaber did help Father Sweeney and aided in the development of a modern colony, Gate of Heaven.



Doctor Blaber wed Constance White and took her with him to China.

which was composed of comfortable brick buildings which housed up to five hundred patients.

"When our patients first come to us," Doctor Blaber wrote, "they are covered with sores. Our first job is to clear up other diseases — intestinal parasites, tuberculosis, syphilis. Only then can we start treatment for their leprosy.

"I think our patients are the happiest people in the world. Once, that is, they are over the shock of their disease. The disgrace in China is so serious that no one will marry a sufferer's sister, brother or child. The knowledge, not new to us, that leprosy is not hereditary, and even not highly contagious, hasn't penetrated China yet.

"But once that agony of ostracism is passed, the victim is really happier than most people. Our patients are always laughing. Cynically, I guess you can say they're happy because they have nothing more to lose. The world with its social and economic struggle is closed to them. I think that constitutes happiness all by itself."

In 1935 Doctor Blaber completed his agreed five years. He returned to the United States, but not to remain there. He married Constance White, a nurse at Brooklyn Hospital, to whom he had been engaged. They spent their honeymoon studying leprosy treatment at Carville, Louisiana, and Molokai. Then they went to China to spend their lives there.

Then came World War II and the invasion by the Japanese. The Blabers, with a baby daughter, were forced to return to the United States. The hospital was left to Chinese whom Doctor Blaber had trained. The people whom he had served called him the

"Doctor of a Thousand Cures." He had won their esteem and their hearts.

Back in the United States, Doctor Blaber set up practice in his native Brooklyn and soon won the affection of new patients. A leader in the medical profession, he was elected president of his local medical society. He served as attending surgeon in four Brooklyn hospitals. But always China was never far from his thoughts.

"We lived through some mighty tough days in China," he recalled to friends. "Days when we tried to run a hospital with only a bottle of mercuro-chrome and a roll of homemade bandages. But they were satisfying days."

Early this year, Doctor Blaber died at the age of fifty-six. Ordinarily the story would end there. But Doctor Blaber's work is not finished.

The medical alumni of Saint Francis College want to perpetuate his memory and the sacrifice he was prepared to make of his life. It was decided to establish a Doctor Blaber Memorial. A committee has been formed to raise \$30,000 to build a physiology laboratory at the college's new science center.

In its appeal for funds, the committee wrote: "We at Saint Francis believe the memory and ideals of our loyal son should be immortalized because:

"He displayed, both as a student and as an alumnus, the essence of the Franciscan concern for his fellow men.

"He was a pioneer in the medical-mission field and, as such, will be an example to an increasing number of Saint Francis men to serve their country and their God.

"He was a dedicated, charitable, and professional-minded physician who would inspire students to consider medicine as a career of service." ■■

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By Paul J. Brien, M.M.

Faces in the Window



HAVE YOU ever wondered what it would be like to look in the window of heaven? Since coming to Taiwan I have glimpsed what I think it would be like.

On Taiwan many of our churches have windows without glass. This is great for the people on the outside. On numerous occasions I have been fascinated by people packed three and four deep, as they peer through the window at a ceremony inside.

The children are the most striking. Their big round eyes watch in wonder all that is going on. The rest of each face is expressionless. But maybe yours would be, too, if you were looking in the window of heaven.

They are like people who have not, looking at people who have all. Or, as the thought keeps coming back to me, they are like people forced to remain outside heaven and who can only look in through the window. This is not as farfetched as it sounds. The Church

is the kingdom of God upon earth and also our heaven as we know it. For heaven is where God is.

It is our task as missionaries to bring these people inside. Once they belong to the Church, they have all—Christ. No longer will their lives be full of that emptiness which is now reflected in their eyes—in the faces looking through the window. Then their lives will have meaning. What they have seen while looking in the window will cease to be some unknown ritual. But it will become a means of entering further into heaven. And a means of bringing others inside.

These are my thoughts as I watch the faces in the window; as I see them stare when Christ comes to us in Communion, or when the bishop anoints others in the Sacrament of Confirmation. And as I watch the faces in the window, I pray that those people may soon be inside and not have to remain outside their Father's house. ■ ■



Getting Even

By Henry J. Madigan, M.M.

I TOLD the ricksha driver to "Chut chut hang" ("Go straight ahead"). He did. Right through a maze of bicycles, oxcarts, jeeps, pedestrians.

His broken-field driving did not frighten me. After a few years in Hong Kong traffic I was used to it. What had me gripping the ancient ricksha in terror, was the way he did it—automatically, effortlessly, inattentively—carrying on a coherent conversation all the while.

"Chut chut hang! How you say that in English?" he asked, as he turned his head almost completely around and let our chariot roll through the crowds.

"Straight ahead," I replied, interpreting for him. Then, suddenly, realizing that within the next moment he would be playing a losing game of Ben Hur roulette with an oncoming jeep, I shouted, "Watch out!"

In my excitement I had forgotten and used English. One deft flick of the

handlebars—then we shot through a small opening between the jeep and a telephone pole. Meanwhile my driver casually continued.

"So 'Chut chut hang' mean 'Slate ahead—wash out'?" he asked.

I tried to explain that "Straight ahead" is sufficient, and that "Watch out" means "Be careful." But he really wasn't interested in learning how to say "Be careful." He wanted to learn only terms useful in his business.

By the time we reached my destination, he had asked me how to say "Go back—Go ahead—Go left—Go right—Ten dollars, please." I taught him the four directions, but skipped the last phrase—leaving that for his higher education. I asked him to wait while I went into a shop to make a small purchase. Coming out, I saw him scribbling Chinese characters on a piece of brown wrapping paper.

As I climbed back into the ricksha, he smiled, held up his composition, and began to read to me: "Go left—go light—go back—slate ahead!"

It wasn't Harvard English, but anyone could understand him. All the way home he kept repeating the phrases, as he sailed around corners—holding out his hand for shiny automobiles to slow down so he could whip in front of them with his iron chariot. All the epithets shouted at him were wasted.

For everyone he had the same answer: "Go left—go light—go back—slate ahead!"

No university student was ever happier with new-found learning. When I got out and asked how much I owed, he grinned and said, "Go left—go light—go back—slate ahead! Okay?"

I assured him that it was very okay. He replied, "Ten dollarah, please." ■■



WITH LOVING HANDS

Will you help build Christ's home?
Will you bring God to pagan lands?
Maryknoll's Chapel Fund is for that
purpose. What a help to our missionaries
to have funds ready and waiting for
them to give God a fitting home.

Chapels must be built that Our Lord
may have His altar. Brother Damien,
pictured above, is doing just that with
native help. When you give to the
Chapel Fund, you earn eternal merit.
Can you, will you, help us?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

10-61

Dear Fathers:

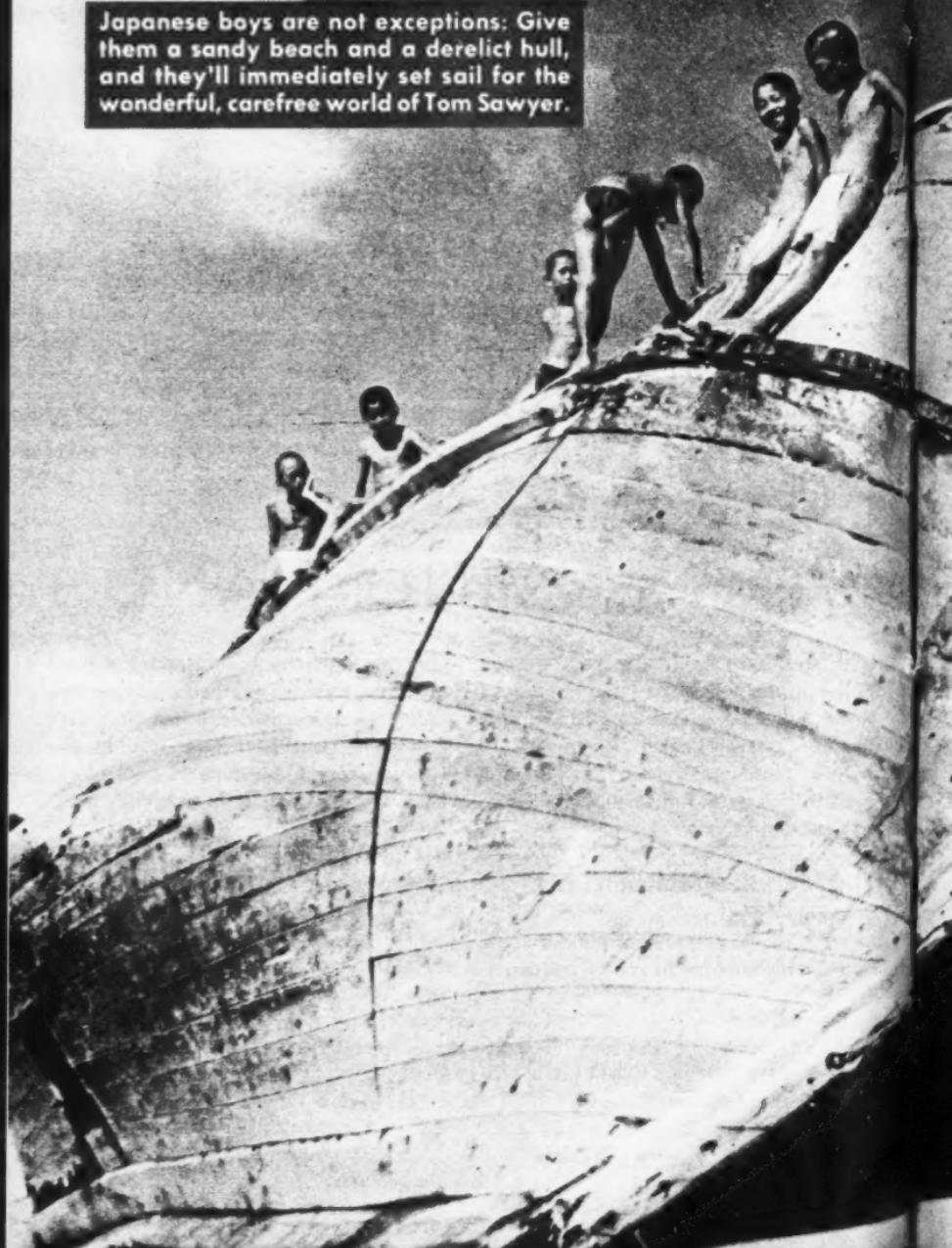
I would like to contribute \$ towards Maryknoll's Chapel Fund.
Please remember me in your prayers.

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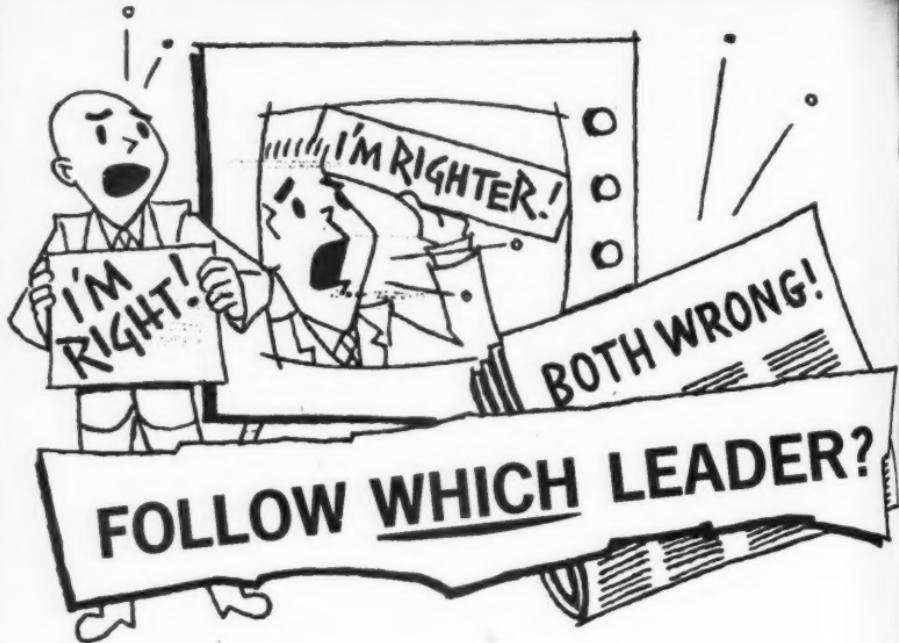
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Japanese boys are not exceptions: Give them a sandy beach and a derelict hull, and they'll immediately set sail for the wonderful, carefree world of Tom Sawyer.







Gets confusing, doesn't it? Everywhere you stop to look or listen these days, somebody is ready with the answers! (What was that Christ said about "false prophets"?)

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ROLL



THE TIME

CAN'T BEAT

YOU'D have a furrowed brow and a haggard face, too, if you tried to keep up with Japanese children. You'd probably feel even worse than I did when losing to that five-year-old.

You notice he has thrown the symbol for "stone." I foolishly had thrown "scissors." Stone breaks scissors. If I were real smart, I should have remembered that any small boy has more interest in stones than in paper, which is connected with writing and school.

That little fellow had me figured out beforehand. "This priest is on the seedy-looking side of late," he presumably decided. "Probably has lots of worries these days." And he wasn't wrong.

The game of *janken* settles all questions of precedence, such as who bats first in a game of baseball, who picks up the paper in the church yard, who washes and who dries the dishes (a big difference, you know). A Japanese child at the age of three understands the great advantages of this "equalizing" game. It saves precious time, preserves an old Oriental element called "face," and also saves precious noses. Largely because of *janken*, Japanese children seldom swing haymakers at each other.

At any rate, I'm still hailed as the uncontested champion of ping-pong in the city of Uji, Japan—hailed by all youngsters up to the age of ten years, that is.

■ ■

By William J. Eggleston, M.M.

Editorial

Our Destiny

A world is dying, and a new world is being born with explosive suddenness. It is a world in which all the people of God, the holy people who are the Church, are also a people with a mission to the human family. Their mission is to found, staff, and maintain schools and colleges; to develop the press in all lands, according to high Christian norms; to bring to bear, upon all the perplexing problems of the age, sound Christian principles that will penetrate every area of human life. Their mission is to bear Christ to the whole world, because every human need is a need for Christ. And this must be done with all possible speed, because the world will not stand by and wait while we deliberate over the techniques to use and the difficulties in our path. A world in crisis must be led and served.

Mission Sunday

Once again we approach October and the Feast of Christ the King. In most dioceses this day is set aside as Mission Sunday, when the annual collection for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is taken up. We urge all our readers to become members of, and give their support to, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Over the years the SPF has done much to build the Church in mission lands.

Call for Papal Volunteers

Something wonderful has been happening in the world of Latin America—the beginnings of a great struggle to build new vitality in the needy sectors. Of particular interest is the Papal call for lay **volunteers** to assist in this work. This appeal for lay help challenges our Catholic laity to assume their full responsibility among the priestless millions in many parts of Latin America.

The Papal document states plainly that Latin America's own sons and daughters must serve as the main bulwark of their own Church life, and it calls on the laity of other lands to act as fraternal helpers to their Latin-American confreres. Here is a challenge for all Catholics.

Papal Volunteers will be enlisted for teams of single men, single women, and married couples. Teams will consist of three to ten members. The age level will be 21 to 45. The period of service will be from three to five years with an option for extension on the part of the Volunteer. In certain exceptional cases, a two-year period of service will be accepted.

Papal Volunteers will not go to Latin America to assume leadership—that should be the role of the Latins. They will, rather, seek to be helpful by rendering leadership guidance. The Papal Volunteers represent for Catholics in the United States an instrument for dedication to our neighbors who live south of the border.

It was an old, familiar story. The Koreans were turning to communism, simply because good people were standing around, doing nothing.

OUTSIDERS OFF

By Anthony J. Karlovecius, M.M.

THE emigration officer looked up from his questionnaire, into the face of a middle-aged Korean surrounded by his wife and children, and asked, "Why do you want to leave Japan?"

Without pausing, the man replied in a decided accent, "Because there is no future here for my children."

Every two weeks, a Russian and a North Korean steamship take about 2,000 passengers from Niigata, a port on the northern coast of Japan, to North Korea. As of early this year, approximately 30,000 Koreans had been "repatriated" in the biggest propaganda blow that the West suffered in the Far East since its armies stopped at Korea's 38th parallel. Hundreds of thousands more Koreans have applied to go.

The bright picture that the Communists paint of life in North Korea—assurance of a substantial dwelling, steady employment and education, together with the opportunity of building a model country—is not the only reason for this mass exodus. Even more important is the actual socio-economic situation in which the Korean population of Japan are living. They are first of all aliens, a disliked minority, and as such must make their living as best as they can. Consequently, only the

lowest forms of manual labor are readily available to them. The vast majority live in Oriental slums where vice, immorality, and dire poverty are their constant bedfellows.

Like altruistic friends, Communists have taken the side of Koreans in battles, little and big, with the government and vested interests, provided that no claim was made on their finances. Communism did not better the Koreans' social or economic status, but it was a friend in need and inspired their confidence.

Since the end of the war, more than seventy per cent of the Korean population in Japan were and are either a deep red or various shades of pink—not because they believe in communism, but because Communists are the only ones to champion their cause. It is no wonder, then—after hearing and comparing the beatitudes of Communist life in North Korea with their own, and being assured free passage—that decent Korean parents gamble their chances on a new life in a land of promise.

The Japanese Government has assisted this emigration movement, as a way of lessening the population problem in a crowded nation of 90 million

ing.

OF JAPAN



inhabitants. The press, television, motion pictures, and radio also give support. The Catholic Church, because it is such a small minority, has no effective voice in the matter. However, we in the Kyoto Korean Catholic Center—established in 1957 by the Maryknoll Fathers—have been doing what we can to show the Korean population in Japan that they have another champion besides communism.

The first step was to draw up a long range plan based on Kyoto City's statistics. Of the 6,645 Korean families in Kyoto (comprising 31,226 people), 820 families, or 3,648 people, were on the Government's relief list. Employed in various businesses, crafts, or manual labor, and including women workers, were 7,251 Koreans. Children in schools accounted for 7,487 of the population. Of the 12,840 people left, the majority were self-employed as ragpickers or junkmen.

Forms of help provided in the master plan include:

1. Relief, for families in dire need.
2. Home industry, to help poor families improve financially.
3. A technical and moral training school, to turn out skilled workers and solid citizens.

4. Housing, to improve the environment of slum neighborhoods.

With the cooperation of Catholic Relief Services, we distributed ten pounds of flour or dried-milk powder to 350 needy families every month, over a period of three years. Now that relief supplies are no longer available in Japan, this program has had to be discontinued. However, we hope, with the help of a noodle-making machine, to continue in the near future this necessary phase of the plan. Although such a program provides merely temporary relief, it does enable a family to get back on its feet and encourages the members to help themselves.

Through home industry, the handicapped, or those with a little free time on their hands, can supplement the breadwinner's income. We contacted several factories, and they willingly sent materials to the Center, with instructions for assembly. Some needy Koreans came every morning for the materials, and at the same time delivered and were paid for the work they had done the previous day. This group consisted mostly of housewives and older children.

Because the Korean Center is central to all Korean districts, yet far

enough from the nearest settlement to warrant a streetcar fare, the plan evolved into a sewing-machine school. Here young girls and mothers are paid while they learn the use of industrial sewing machines. The present staff, supervised by a Catholic Korean shop-owner, has increased to eleven. Space limitations have not allowed us to expand, but we hope to continue our home-industry plan by taking the materials to the people—when finances permit.

Through the generosity of many benefactors, we were able to enlarge the Center in 1959, to include a lecture hall and a workroom (for the ten sewing machines), a library and study room. Besides arranging for English and Korean language classes, for Korean classical dancing, and for Korean cultural lectures, we decided to put the third phase of our plan into action.

Studying the school statistics, and seeing that about 1,500 middle-school students did not go on to higher studies, and knowing of the discrimination against Koreans seeking employment, we realized that a good number of the teen-agers were falling into the sluices of crime and violence.

As a test, we decided to take three or four middle-school graduates into what we now call our Technical and Moral Training School. The plan was simple: they would work in a factory, learning a trade, and return at night for classes in doctrine, English, Korean, and other subjects.

After we made arrangements with a Korean car-repair garage owner, our three boys went to work. We also contacted Korean owners of factories in Kyoto and Osaka, and they assured us that they will take any boys recom-

mended by us. They have confidence that the Church will send them good, reliable workers. On the strength of that good will, and with high hopes of having several Technical and Moral Training Schools holding 100 to 200 student-workers each in the future, we are now planning a three-story, cement-block building to house forty boys.

The last phase of our master plan is still far in the future. We do not dare think of it now, because of the tremendous cost. However, many wealthy Koreans live in Kyoto, Osaka, and Tokyo. They are philanthropic and feel the need to help their fellow Koreans, but they do not know how to go about it. They want to be shown.

Being hard-headed businessmen, they also want results from their investments. If we can show them concrete results from our Technical and Moral Training School, their cooperation will come. That is why we envision several schools, and even many apartment-house developments.

This phase of our program—apartment houses at low rental rates, in various parts of the city—would break the back of crime and delinquency, as well as Communist power, in Korean settlements. As long as people are forced to live in slums, they will never be able to overcome the slums' by-products—crime, vice, immorality.

It is our hope that, through a successful socio-economic program based on Papal principles, we shall be able to point the way to the "haves" so that they can help the "have nots," and thereby lead both to Christ. But we must first gain the confidence of both sides by positive, successful results. We have dug a solid foundation to obtain these results. ■■

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Problem: How to instill and foster a Christian spirit among 7,000 people of Musoma, Tanganyika, Moslem stronghold.



Solution: The formation of devoted followers of the Blessed Mother, as members of the Legion of Mary.

What HE is doing — YOU can do!

Through the Legion members Father James J. Morrissey, M.M., of Jamaica Plain, Mass., is able to reach many wayward pagans in this East African town. Legionnaires visit the sick, the poor, the imprisoned and those with

marriage problems. Father has many hands in these Legionnaires but there are marriages to perform, confessions to hear and baptisms to be done. Only a priest can preside here. Could that be YOU?

The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, N. Y.

10-61

Dear Fathers: Please send me information about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest Brother Sister

(check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Zone.....State.....

Age.....

School.....

Grade.....



TRIP TO ROSARIO



It cost this American only four pesos for a memorable glimpse into the true heart of Mexico.

I was hurrying through the crowded square, toward a depot where third-class busses were arriving and departing. The square was quite typical—with hundreds of Mexican men, women, and children squatting on dirty cobblestones, selling *tortillas*, *enchiladas*, *tacos*, fried potatoes, beans, and sticky candy of strange shapes and colors.

In a clumsy attempt to avoid a dog rooting through a pile of debris, I collided with a woman balancing on her head a flat basket piled high with sliced pineapple. She braced her teetering burden with one hand, murmured a quick apology, and swept past me. I looked after her, slightly provoked.

Frankly, I didn't like Mexico. After two weeks of touring the country, my cup was filled. I had tried to appreciate the Mexican people, but I simply could not understand them. Everything—including the people—seemed dirty and neglected. So tomorrow I would return to the States.

But today I was going to take a ride on one of the third-class busses, called *camiones* by the natives. I'd been told that an afternoon with the cheapest form of transportation in Mexico would be an "interesting" experience. But already I had my doubts.

I watched as one of the dusty, weather-beaten vehicles rolled into the square, squealed to a halt, and disgorged its contents. Women with bun-

By Sophie Penna

MARYKNOLL

bles, boxes, and baskets shoved one another out the front door; from the rear door, a dozen farmers carrying an assortment of fowls and rabbits, a couple of piglets, and even a small goat, tumbled onto the loading platform.

For a moment I was tempted to turn back. What was a woman of my age doing in a situation such as this? I should have remained in California, instead of spending my modest income touring a strange country and mingling with people stranger still.

But my mind was made up. I walked toward a group of people waiting to board an empty bus. They were a family of seven: father, mother (with infant in her arms), and four skinny children under school age. All were licking popsicles, except the father, who was chewing an unlit cigarette. They stared at the closed doors of the *camion*, waiting to snatch up their bundles as soon as the doors would open.

More Mexicans were arriving, all carrying bundles and bags. I was beginning to wonder how I'd manage in that crowd, when the mother with the infant said something to me. I surmised that she wanted me to take a place at the head of the line, so that I could climb into the bus without being pushed and shoved from behind. I resented that courtesy. After all, I was a stranger. Why should anyone want to make things easier for me? Then her husband frowned at me, shook his head, and pointed to the crowd behind me—as if he was warning me of an approaching storm. So I finally stepped to the front of the line.

"*Bueno!*" the husband said, smiling. In a few moments, the doors sprang open. The conductor—a lean, sunburned youth—jumped onto the plat-

form and offered to assist me. I refused his hand. It was too grimy!

I selected a seat behind the driver, next to an open window, because I knew I should need lots of fresh air. The driver was perched sideways on a rickety swivel-seat, smoking a cigarette. When he grinned at me, I turned away, slightly irritated by his faded uniform and the dark stubble on his chin.

Meanwhile, the crowd was jamming into the bus, snatching empty seats and stowing bundles on overhead racks. I leaned back and tried to ignore the pushing, shoving, shouting, and the meaningless laughter of many children.

Outside, peddlers insisted on holding up to my window melting popsicles, fruit crush in paper cups, fried bacon rind wrapped in newspaper, roasted corn on the cob, and slices of papaya. I might have purchased something—for I was hungry—had the food-stuffs not been swarming with wasps, flies, and gnats. I slammed the window shut, closed my eyes, and tried to relax.

A timid voice, very soft, roused me. "*Me permite, señora?*" asked a young girl holding a tiny infant wrapped in a pale blue shawl.

She pointed to the vacant seat beside me. I moved closer to the window. Her "*Muchas gracias*" was too polite—as if I were doing her a favor.

Nor could I help resenting the sour odors that came from the bulging shopping bag she placed at her feet. My own children's garments had never smelled like that! I could hardly wait to open the window.

By this time, boxes, crates, bags, and bundles were piled in the aisle. Children were squatting all over them: some of the younger ones had already fallen asleep. While I was toying with

the idea of abandoning the entire plan of a bus ride, I suddenly realized we were moving. So be it! With a sigh of relief, I opened the window and settled back to take a nap.

But no. Standing over me, with a quizzical expression on his face, was the conductor, about to ask me, I concluded, to pay my fare. And right then, I sat up with a jolt, my mouth hanging wide open. For I didn't have the slightest idea of where I was going! I hadn't taken the time to look at the sign on the front of the bus, which would have indicated, at the very least, some kind of destination. So I swallowed hard, smiled as casually as possible, and said in my best slow-English, "End of the line, please."

The conductor frowned. I repeated the sentence, this time with a trace of what I hoped was a Spanish accent. But then a young man with a book under his arm came to my rescue.

"You mean you wish to go to San Rosario, *señora*?" he inquired.

"Is it rather far?" I asked.

"No, *señora*, not really. Two hours, and only four pesos."

I nodded a thank-you, and then dug from my purse four of the dirty pesos I hated to handle. I gave them to the conductor. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned at me. Then he reached up above the driver's head and flicked on a radio, which began blaring out some of the noisiest marimba music I've ever heard. He continued down the baggage-jammed aisle, collecting fares, swaying and humming to the marimba, unaware that he was being followed by a laughing, hand-clapping, six-year-old girl who apparently thought he was the greatest thing since *tortillas*.

At every crossing the driver blasted

away with his horn, regardless of whether or not traffic was approaching. My ears were ringing from the constant, maddening din.

Abruptly, in the midst of my seething resentment, the music stopped. A man's voice, full and resonant, was coming from the radio. When the conductor switched on a red bulb over a Madonna portrait—which I hadn't even noticed—I realized that we were listening to a religious broadcast.

Quite suddenly the whole atmosphere of the bus changed radically. The driver took off his hat and crossed himself. Children stopped chattering and sat up straight, and women folded their gnarled hands under threadbare shawls. There was a hushed, expectant feeling throughout the bus; so much so, that I felt as if I were attending a service in a cathedral.

A change came over me. I began to see these people with new eyes. I really looked at them—perhaps for the first time since my arrival in Mexico. The young mother at my side had folded her infant's tiny fingers, and was holding them tenderly in the palm of her hand. Somehow, the smell from the paper bag didn't seem obnoxious to me anymore, but merely one of the facts of life in a world where fresh water and sanitary facilities are luxuries unknown to the poorer classes.

I looked at the family of seven, who had been so friendly at the depot. The husband sat close to his wife, his arm around her shoulder, his large, white sombrero on his lap. The four skinny children were snuggled together—their bright, black eyes fastened to the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Across the aisle, an old man in a cotton suit, mended so much and so care-

fully that it looked more like a patch-work quilt than clothing, held a little boy on his lap and whispered prayers into the child's ear.

By the time the religious program came to a conclusion, we were passing through nondescript villages. We left a thick tornado of dust in our wake, as we plowed over rutted, stony bone-dry roads. The conductor stood at the front of the *camion*, keeping a sharp eye for passengers on the roadside.

There were no regularly scheduled stops. But the bus stopped for everyone: a woman with her *niños*, standing beneath the shade of a giant cactus; an entire family, running pell-mell down a path, yelling and flailing their arms to attract the driver's attention; an elderly couple sitting patiently on a slab of rock.

The *camion* seemed to be discharging as many passengers as it picked up. In every instance, those leaving would shout their farewells to the driver, the conductor, and everyone who remained. Invariably, the conductor (whose name, I discovered, was Pedro) would wave, smile, and in a strong, hearty voice, cry out, "Vaya con Dios!" —"Go with God!"

Every time he spoke those words, my mind traveled several thousand miles, and nearly half a century, back to my native Switzerland. For we, too, had used a similar expression, "Gruess Gott!" whenever we greeted relatives, friends, neighbors—even strangers.

I knew I could never again regard Mexicans as merely a large, impersonal, conglomeration of people. Here on this broken-down bus, they were revealing themselves to me as individuals, hardworking men and women, each possessing an intimate concern

for his or her life, destiny, loved ones.

As late afternoon advanced, soft clouds rolled off the dark crags of the Sierras like a giant avalanche of snow. The deep-azure sky slowly faded into a lighter hue. Everywhere I looked, there were lean, Mexican farmers on small burros, plodding along invisible desert paths; and young boys with yokes on their shoulders, struggling under the weight of battered oil cans filled with precious water.

I was sorry when my trip came to an end. When Pedro graciously held out his hand to help me step from the bus, I took it. I'd learned to like and respect him.

"You come back tonight, *señora*?" he asked in slow, deliberate Spanish.

"No, Pedro," I replied. "Maybe *mañana*. Or maybe, even in a week."

I was no longer in a hurry to leave Mexico. There was much, so much, to learn and appreciate about these people—particularly their friendliness and their trust in one another and in God. Now that I was here, in a place called San Rosario, I was going to spend at least a week, exploring this little village and its people—not as a tourist, but as a human being.

"Hasta luego, *señora*!" Pedro called after me as I walked toward the hotel. And then, "Vaya con Dios!"

"Hasta la vista," I replied, startled that my Spanish was suddenly coming easier to me.

As I watched the *camion* disappear in a cloud of dust, I knew there were tears in my eyes.

I was very grateful I had taken the bus trip. It had been, at least, a beginning. For I now possessed a slight insight into the life of a country and the heart of a warm, wonderful people. ■■



**On her way home from school,
Joanita stops at the grocery.**

HOUSEWIVES AROUND THE WORLD

**Pictures and Background by
J. PAUL BORDENET, M.M.**

Woman of Two Worlds

JOANITA ALVARES is a woman of two worlds. She is an Indian living in Africa, a Catholic, and a housewife and mother who is employed as a school teacher. She is also a cultured and charming person.

Joanita Alvares lives in Nairobi, the capital of the British East African colony of Kenya. She is from Portuguese India, one of 8,000 Goans in Nairobi, practically all of whom are Catholics. Years ago Goans and Indians went to Kenya to work on the construction of the Kenya-Uganda railroad. Today the descendants of those people live in Kenya, as merchants and civil-service workers.

Joanita's husband, Anthony, works as a superintendent in a Government office, and he also teaches violin at the East African Conservatory of Music. Joanita herself is a fine pianist. Music plays an important part in their lives.



In the evenings after dinner, they either listen to their hi-fi or play duets. They often entertain friends with impromptu concerts, and attend all of the colony's musical events.

Six days a week, Joanita teaches at Saint Teresa's Boys' School. This puts a strain on her time, because she must also care for her house and prepare two meals a day. She would like to be a full-time housewife, but the extra income gained from her teaching enables the family to live comfortably.

Anthony and Joanita Alvares have been married five years. They have a four-year-old daughter, Maria Estella, who is cared for by relatives while Joanita is at school. The little girl will soon enter school, and the problem of her care will be solved.

The family lives in a comfortable, two-bedroom home. The house is well furnished and very neat. There is an



Cooking is an art with Joanita. She has a hobby of collecting recipes and trying new dishes. She cooks two meals a day in a modern kitchen.

abundance of books about the house, as husband and wife enjoy reading.

"I have four interests in life," Joanita says. "My family, my religion, good music, and good literature."

By thrift and hard work, Mr. and Mrs. Alvares have been able to equip their home with such labor-saving devices as an electric stove, a washing machine, and a vacuum cleaner. They also have enough money for a pleasant social life. They belong to a club where they go to dance, and they frequently attend the movies.

Joanita shops twice a week. She controls the household budget and spends \$9.50 a week for food. Her main purchases are meat and vegetables. A typical dinner that she prepares consists of soup, a roast, curried rice, vegetables in season, and pie. Sometimes fish is substituted for the meat course. She serves, also, a great deal of fresh fruit.

Anthony says that his wife is a good cook. Actually Joanita likes to cook, and she is constantly experimenting with new recipes. One of her hobbies is collecting recipes, and the other is embroidery. She makes most of the clothes for herself and her daughter.

Joanita's day begins early. She prepares breakfast, gets her husband off to work, and then goes to school. After she returns home in midafternoon, she corrects school papers, does some sewing and knitting, and then begins dinner. While dinner is cooking, she gives Maria Estella a bath.

When Joanita was asked what part of her housework was her pet "peeve," she laughed and replied, "The hardest part of my work is waking my husband in the morning!"

Sometimes Joanita goes to visit a friend and often friends drop in on



Music is important to Joanita and her husband. He teaches the violin, and she is an expert at the piano.



Goans have a close-knit family life. Sometimes Joanita takes her daughter to Nairobi's animal preserve.



When Joanita has time to relax, she likes to listen to recorded music.

her. She and her friends also meet while shopping. Their conversation is the ordinary talk of women—their children, a new household appliance, the latest fashions.

In general, African social life runs along racial lines. The Europeans, mostly English whites, have their own clubs and activities. Next are the Indians from India proper, many of whom look down on the Goans. The Indians as a class are better off than the Goans, and the latter are often found in the employ of Indians. Finally, there is the great mass of the population: the native Africans, who tend to gather in their own tribal group.

The native Africans do not make much of a distinction between Indians and Goans. Since the Indians, through hard work and shrewd business sense, control much of the commercial life of Nairobi, they are resented by many

Africans. This resentment is transferred to the Goans, who as a class have neither the wealth nor influence as the Indians proper.

Kenya is presently in a transitional stage, and what the future holds for those of Asiatic ancestry is not clear. The Africans are pressing for complete control of the country, since numerically they far outnumber any other group. The British Government is attempting to make changes slowly that will protect minority rights. Actually, many Indians, Goans and Europeans know no other home but Kenya, and consider themselves truly Kenyans.

Joanita and her husband have no desire to leave Kenya and start life anew in Goa. They try not to worry about the political future of the colony; they try to forget the past when the Mau Mau trouble caused so much terror, heartbreak, and strife. They have a good life and want it to endure.

Joanita and her husband are not newcomers to Christianity. They were both born Catholics, as is the case of the majority of Goans in Nairobi. Christianity in Goa goes back to the days of Saint Francis Xavier, and the Portuguese colony is sometimes referred to as the "Rome of the Orient."

"I have no complaints about my life," Joanita said. "Even if I had the power to change anything, I would leave all as it is now."

Despite the conflicts set up within her by her national background, her religion, and her two careers, Joanita Alvares is a happy woman. She has successfully bridged two worlds. No woman could ask for more. No one should expect more. ■■

Joanita teaches six days a week in Saint Teresa's Boys' School, Nairobi.



Where Christ Competes with Communism



Africa today is considering a choice, and young Africa will do the choosing. A good choice may depend on a good education. Fine teaching carries conviction—but the training of teachers takes time and money. Will you help a Maryknoll Sister-teacher to carry Christ's truth to Africa?

Your gift will bear interest in heaven. Thank you for helping us! Please keep up the good work.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... to help train Sister-teachers to carry Christ's truth to mission lands.

Name

Street

City

Zone .. **State** ..

*I'll send you \$..... every month while I can.
I understand that I may stop doing so at any time.*

SAFARI FOR SOULS



By Sister Marian Jan

ANY hunting expedition in East Africa is called a safari. Sister Agnes Jude, of our Kowak mission in Tanganyika, goes out on safaris regularly, but she hunts for souls. She covers village after village on those mission expeditions.

Her work for souls resembles in some ways our work for bodies at the Kowak clinic. In this part of Africa, the mortality rate is high because of terrible diseases. It's as high as seventy-five per cent for infants. Our major effort is to keep our people healthy by preventing diseases. Good food and

clean homes are a big step in the right direction.

In her activities, Sister Agnes Jude seeks to help our Catholics live the Faith vitally in the midst of their pagan neighbors. She goes out to the mission stations to welcome the catechumens, to support and advise the catechists, and to encourage the Catholics to help their neighbors at every possible opportunity.

Twelve years ago, four Maryknoll Sisters came to Kowak and started to study the language. There were 8,000 Catholics then. Now there are 32,000 Catholics in and around Kowak, and 7,000 catechumens. There are twelve

mission stations in the land surrounding the town. These are the objectives of Sister Agnes Jude's safaris.

Each of these mission stations has a catechumenate—a center in which villagers can study the Faith and the Catholic way of life. Zealous catechists give doctrine instructions regularly at the center. These men and women are often members of the Legion of Mary and deeply devoted to the Faith. They are great apostles, eager to share God's generous gift.

Once in awhile the Sister's visit becomes a very special occasion. Long before she reaches her destination, she is met by a young girl herding the family's cows.

"Are you going to my village, Sister?" asks the girl.

"Yes, this afternoon."

She put on her best kanga to greet Sister Agnes Jude near her village.



"I will certainly see you there. My family is waiting for you."

Soon the grapevine gives the news: "Sister is on her way."

What is the occasion? It is the Sister's first visit since Baptism Day. A new set of Christians is waiting to greet her. When she arrives, the village bell will be rung, in case anyone is still missing. "Sister is here," the bell says. "Come to the party."

In no time at all, the people gather around. They show their baptismal gifts—medals and crucifixes. The great gift hidden in their souls shines through their eyes. The catechist is like a proud parent pointing out a baby's growth—and, indeed, the catechist is pointing out the growth of Christ's Mystical Body. It is something to sing about, and so the people do:

"I am not like a stone; I can say

"Thank You" to God.

I am not like a river; I can say

"Thank You" to God.

I am not even like a cow; I can say

"Thank You" to God.

Thank You, thank You, thank You,

God."

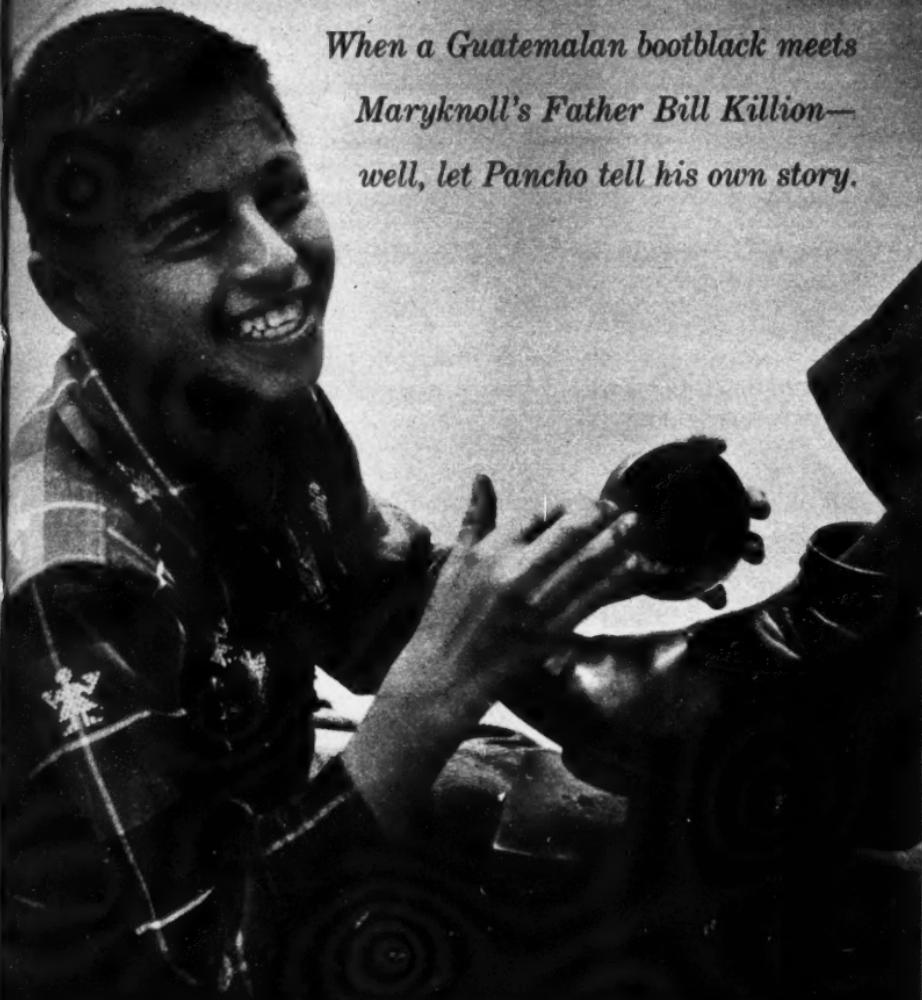
The people of Kowak never forget to say "Thank you" for any favor. Each does it by bringing a *mich* (a gift) to the clinic. Perhaps a basket of eggs for some good medicine, a chicken for a safe delivery, or a hand of bananas for a stitched-up gash. They never forget.

Now they have God's great *mich*—the Holy Faith. Singing alone doesn't express their full happiness and gratitude. With the Sister in their midst, they begin to dance. That's the best, most natural way they know, to show their joy and say, "Thank You, thank You, thank You, God."

Pictures and text by Felix Fournier, M.M.

REFORMATION

*When a Guatemalan bootblack meets
Maryknoll's Father Bill Killion—
well, let Pancho tell his own story.*



"Me llamo Pancho"; which is to say, "My name is Pancho." I am only thirteen, but wise in the ways of the world. I make as much as 25 centavos a day in the plaza, shining the leather boots of the men of Huehuetenango.





But one hot afternoon, from the corner of my eye, I see a bootblack named Pepe trying to steal my brush!



In our plaza I treat every thief the same way: catch him, and teach him a lesson he will never forget.

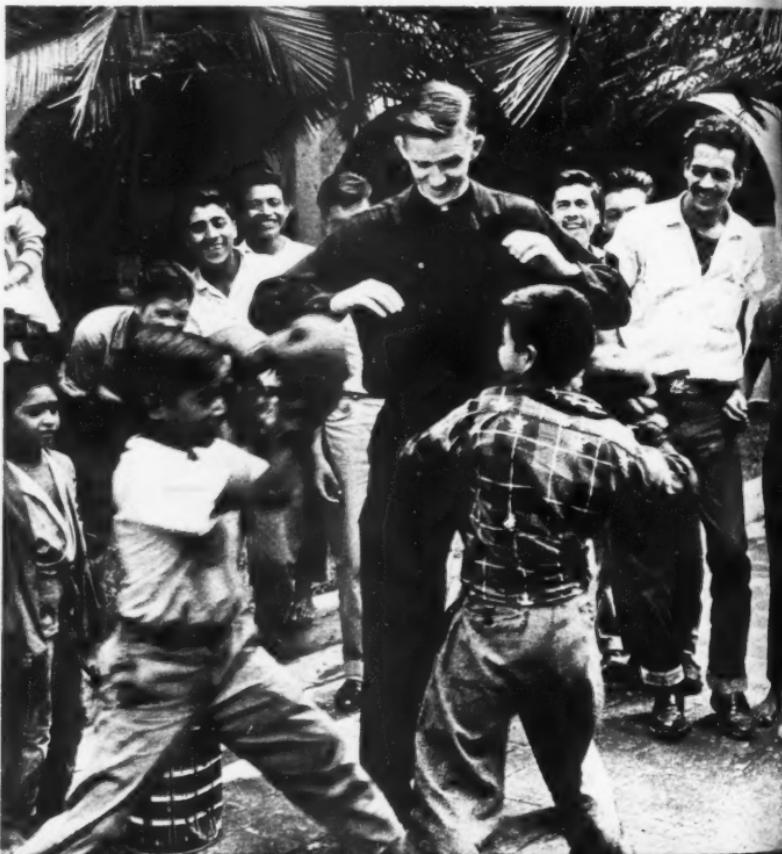
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Then along comes Padre Beel! He says that if bootblacks have to fight, they should at least fight fairly, and not open wounds that will never heal.



I tell the Padre that this is between me and Pepe, and that I will fight as I have always fought — to win! But the other bootblacks jeer at me and say I am afraid to meet Pepe with gloves. So we all walk to the mission yard, and I swing at Pepe furiously, until my arms and shoulders ache with pain.





But suddenly all bitterness flees from my heart, and I put out my hand...



Then I sit down in the shade with the Padre, and he says that the good God expects bootblacks to do more in life than shine shoes and fight fights!



And that very afternoon he gives me my first lesson in serving Mass.



Today, when I am at the altar with Jesus and Padre Beel, my heart sings songs that I've never heard before.





May we send YOU a check?



In later years, when the children are making their way in the world, peace and comfort can be assured you as a holder of a Maryknoll Annuity. When you put your money in our annuity plan, the gains can be felt in thirteen corners of the world where Maryknollers are laboring for Christ. As the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll's work is to train young Americans to become priests, to build churches in foreign missions and support those mission outposts. YOUR annuity funds are used for this purpose. So — join our annuity plan and let us send you a check.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

10-61

Dear Fathers: Please send me your FREE booklet, **How To Keep While Giving**. I understand there is no obligation.

Name

Street

City

Zone State

MARYKNOLL

Letters

Of the month

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Education

Your magazine is indeed a liberal education. I have learnt more about geography and living conditions of other people.

MRS. F. HOFBAUER

Cambridge, Md.

Awakening

I am ashamed of myself! I, who call myself a Christian, a Catholic, an anti-Communist, have done so little to help worthwhile causes. And as it is at last getting home to this "Catholic anti-Communist," all I can think of is Maryknoll. Yes, Maryknoll in Asia, in Africa, in South America—teaching, helping, feeding, healing, bringing God to these people—fighting, dying to save humanity from the inhumanity of Godlessness!

ANNA HELEN PARZIALE

So. Hanover, Mass.

Sacrifice

I am eight years old. Please use this dollar of mine to help someone in great need. It is my first dollar. But I will give it up because I love Jesus.

MARY GRAVES

Omaha, Neb.

Suggestion

Writer Mary Pike should do what I did here. I have a world map on my

kitchen wall. Four thumb tacks keep it up. It is easy to look up the places we read about in your magazine this way.

MISS A. M. PAQUET

Biddeford, Me.

Thought for Tomorrow

I shall be eighty years old and just wanted to say if you do not hear from me, you will know I have stepped over that great border at the end of each path. Over the hill and vale morning comes to kneel once more at God's sweet altar rail and take away the fears of those who dared not hope that such a thing could be. Oh, joy! Oh, blessing of another day when we have yet another chance to pray away that which holds our souls in pain. Dear God, we thank Thee for the glory of each day.

ELIZABETH H. McCULLOUGH

Williamsport, Pa.

Suggestion

Could the Maryknoll missionaries guide their people to take an interest in physical therapy so there will be enough workers to help the physically ailing or handicapped to recover? There is such a hue and cry about unemployment yet how few care to work at the modest salaries offered therapists.

F. MARJORIE FISCHER

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

The Maryknoll student, the hope and future of the missions



Every year a new group of eager young men reaches the highlight of long years of study: ordination as Maryknollers. And every year new students enter Maryknoll. The families of many of these students cannot afford tuition costs. God, you see, has no favorites: His calling reaches the poor as well as the wealthy. So that every student may receive an opportunity to study for the priesthood, we come to you for financial support. You will share in his daily prayers, and later in his Masses as he goes through life performing works of mercy directed by God. Won't you start today?

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

10-61

Dear Fathers:

While I can, I wish to give \$..... monthly toward the support of a Maryknoll student.

Name

Street

City Zone State

Who will take his place?



FATHER OTTO RAUSCHENBACH, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., WORKED TWENTY YEARS IN CHINA. HE HAD MANY CONVERTS, BUILT MANY NEW MISSION STATIONS.



HE USED MEDICINE AND HIS DISPENSARY TO WIN FRIENDS. LATER THESE PEOPLE WERE TO BE BASES FOR NEW MISSIONS.



ONE DAY, DESPITE BANDIT WARNINGS, FATHER WENT ON A SICK CALL. THE BANDITS AMBUSHED AND THEN MURDERED HIM.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

